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Tom's little *bocagh*, (brother,) and the sorrow of the whole neighbourhood; for Tom's good-natured and pleasant disposition had endeared him to every one. He was waked according to the usual form, and there never was so numerously attended a wake, or so respectable a funeral seen in the village. As Tom had but one relative, the little cripple abovementioned, who was unable to manage the farm, it was accordingly sold, with all the little live stock and furniture, and with the sum procured the cripple commenced business as a pedlar. He was a cunning, saving, industrious little fellow, who soon improved, and in the course of a few years, his means enabled him to purchase a nag and cart, and to lay in a stock of goods, with which he traversed the country in all directions, and in time became a very wealthy man.

Years rolled away, and still there never was a word heard about Kenny Kilfoy; and the deed and his name were nearly forgotten even in the village. Aby, Tom's brother, but seldom came near his native place. Once or twice a year would he be seen at the spot where his brother was murdered; but regularly, on the morning of the anniversary of the murder, would the villagers behold him, from dawn to sunrise, kneeling on the spot, and, with his long beads depending from his fingers, in the attitude of prayer.

Nearly twenty years passed over in this manner, and still no tidings of Kilfoy could be procured, and it was supposed that he had made his escape to America. Aby Molloy traversed Ireland with his horse and cart, and about the summer of 1813 he attended the fair of Ballinasloe, where, having a great variety of goods for sale, he pleased the country people so well, that he got most of them off his hands at large profits. He then formed the resolution of going down farther into the more distant and remote parts of the province, in hopes to sell out his stock before his return to Dublin for new goods. He passed on from town to town and from village to village, and in the course of some weeks reached the secluded district in the county of Mayo in which is situated the little town of Crossmolina. It was late in the evening when he arrived, and he sought his humble inn for the night. Strange dreams came over him during the night. He thought at one time that he was at the spot where his brother was murdered, and that the earth around was covered with fresh gore. At another he dreamed that his brother came to him, as he beheld him the morning after his death, covered with his own cold and blackened blood, and smiling in his face, the ghastly smile which might be supposed such a hideous face could give, took him by the hand and bid him arise. The terrifying sight would cause him to awake with affright; yet as soon as slumber again visited his wearied frame, the same appalling vision would crowd upon his dreaming fancy. He lay in bed that morning longer than he was wont; his mind was unusually affected, and a gloom was cast over it, which he in vain endeavoured to shake off. On his rising he went to the door to see what appearance the little town had. He looked up and down the street. He looked at the door opposite, for he felt as one feels who has the eye of a stranger fixed on him—(there is a kind of

sympathy excited by the electricity of certain looks)—and what was his horror to behold the identical Kenny Kilfoy, almost unchanged by time, gazing on him with an intense and alarmed gaze. He trembled as he recognised the murderer of his brother. He opened his lips to speak—his tongue was tied in wonder—he hobbled a few steps into the street and extended his arms, but could not utter a word. The murderer disappeared from the door, and he immediately recovered from his surprise, and seeing some military men lounging about a little barracks in the town, he hobbled up, and in hurried accents related the facts. The serjeant of the guard attended him: they entered the house and found the now wretched Kilfoy extended in a paroxysm of fear, and remorse upon his face, on the bed, in a back room.

"There, there," he exclaimed, "there is the man that murdered my brother—take him—take him, he's the murderer."

It may be necessary here to take a retrospective view of the life of Kenny Kilfoy from the night on which he committed the bloody deed. He rushed from the scene of guilt, without noting the direction he took; he travelled at a running rate all that night, and at the break of day he was nearly twenty miles distant from the spot. He perceived some men at a distance going to field-work, and he dreaded to meet the eye of man. He left the road, and took shelter in a screen of fir-trees by the road side. Tired and fatigued though he was, he could not rest. The murdered Molloy was always before his eyes, and when the darkness fell he crept from his hiding-place, and resumed his journey; and though fasting and fatigued, the anxiety of his mind served to bear up his body against the effects of over exertion. He reached Crossmolina in safety, and his mind becoming something easier, he stopped there for some time working with a baker. He was generally abstracted in his manner, and sought active employment as a means of diverting his thoughts from the contemplation of his crime. His attention pleased his employer, and in the course of a few years he acquired a perfect knowledge of the business. His mind became gradually settled, and he felt a security and an ease growing round him. His employer had but one child, a girl, and Kilfoy having saved some money, and being of quiet, sober habits, he was induced to consent to the marriage of his daughter with Kenny. The old man died in a few years after, and at the time of his apprehension, Kilfoy was one of the most wealthy and respected men in the little town. Heaven never blessed him with children, and this he now spoke of as his greatest happiness.

He confessed the murder on being taken by the soldiers, and confronted by Aby, and was then removed to the gaol of Philipstown, where, after undergoing the regular trial the following assizes, he suffered the extreme penalty of the law, acknowledging his crime, the justice of his sentence, and dying truly repentant.

This tale has its foundation in fact, and is an example of the equity of Divine Providence, who, however long crime is allowed to go unpunished, is still sure to detect and punish the guilty.

J. L. L.

ANCIENT BRASS RELIC.



The above is a correct representation of a piece of brass, having a hole in one end, as if intended to be suspended by a string or chain; it is three and a half inches long, and about the tenth of an inch thick. The letters marked thereon are in alto-relievo. It was lately turned up by a plough near the castle of Clonmines, formerly a preceptory of the Knights Templers, in the county Wexford, and

presented by Mr. Sutton, who holds the farm, to Samuel Elly, Esq., of Bannow, in whose possession it now remains. The inscription will afford a subject of enquiry for some of your antiquarian correspondents.

N. B.—The F in the second line has been read by many persons as P. C. H. W. Wexford, 1854.